

# The TATLER

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When men bring home the Christmas cheer.

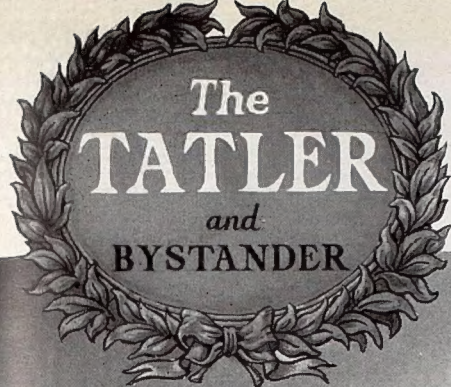
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Vol. CXC. No 2474

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LONDON

DECEMBER 8, 1948



## THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh looking at the fine painting of the Queen by Oswald Birley, R.O.I., during his visit to the exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries. Other portraits which particularly engaged the Duke's attention were the study of Jonathan Lumley, by Anthony Devas, R.P., and Simon Elwes, R.P.'s painting of the Queen of the Hellenes. More photographs taken at the exhibition will be found on pages 314-15





*On St. Andrew's Night the Royal Scottish Corporation held their 283rd anniversary festival at Grosvenor House, when the President, the Earl of Rosebery, and the Countess of Rosebery received the guests. Above: Sgt. Bruce Ledgett, Piper James Caution and Corporal W. William of the 1st Battalion London Scottish reel team are preparing for the sword dance, one of the evening's events*

## Some Portraits in Print

MAKING a slow passage along the Mall in one of the recent fogs I picked up the landmark of bright-painted Clarence House—the future home of Princess Elizabeth—and, steering towards Clarence Gate, I passed by the black and empty bulk of Lancaster House.

Empty, indeed, except for words now and then! Never before can London have stood so in need of looking at itself, of regarding its past with an eye to the future, yet its own London Museum is still shut. Lancaster House is reserved by the Foreign Office for occasional visits of V.I.P.s (of assorted colours) from all over the world. The treasures that are London's lie hidden in store.

What a fascinating place it was before the war, with those dioramas in the basement showing Old London Bridge and St. Paul's ablaze. And that dungeon from Newgate Prison, with its dummy prisoner, which startled children as they came on it, in a setting worthy of Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors." Then the dresses upstairs, Queen Victoria's and Queen Alexandra's; and up above, where the nurseries had been, that superb collection of London toys.

It is saddening to think that for a decade past there are children who have grown to maturity without setting eyes on the London Museum; rather sad, too, for parents, who would fight shy of any other museums, but would gladly play the rôle of paterfamilias at Lancaster House.

Nowadays, I suppose, they send the offspring to see the living impersonator of a Sing Sing murderer ("at five and ninepence standing only") instead of to an inanimate felon—free of charge.

The facts about the London Museum's future are not—as I saw printed the other day—that the dress collection is to be moved to Kensington Palace, but that work is now in progress at the palace to move a great part of the collection there in time.

This will hardly be before 1950 and there will not be room for more than half of the pre-war collection at Lancaster House, so that there will be a constant movement of exhibits in special displays.

This is, as a matter of fact, not at all a bad idea. All museums collect a good deal of worthy but dull litter which can well be kept in reserve.

THE museum itself seems to think it not a bad plan if the tenancy of the part they will occupy at Kensington Palace is limited to the fifteen years arranged. A new building is the ambition, and it is felt that restricted premises will be a better argument for securing it than occupancy of the bigger Lancaster House premises.

One difficulty: unless they get permission from whoever is living in the royal apartments of the palace (at present the Earl and Countess of Athlone) to use the private road, no vehicle can get nearer this new museum than the bus stop in Kensington.

London's other museums have been a gap in the Christmas school holidays . . . those Egyptian mummies at the British Museum which converted so many to become (temporary) Egyptologists . . . and, to be fair, some of the drearier stretches of museum-land which must have figured in childish nightmares of what-to-do on a cold Sunday afternoon.

I HAVE not seen it mentioned that dear A. E. W. Mason created a part in the first production of Shaw's *Arms and the Man* a small part, true, and since cut down to "An Officer," who has only a few words to say. Mason seemed to have done a great deal of other unusual things in the course of his romantic life.

The last time I saw him was about eighteen months ago in his flat in Mayfair, which overlooked the patch of green called (although few know it) St. George's Gardens, and which lies between South Audley Street and Farm Street. We talked of a lot of things, of a book he was trying to write on Admiral Blake, of a film story he had in mind, and of the changes that are happening in London to-day—he said that we had been through so much before in our history that to-day's changes were petty.

We even talked about the name of "St. George's Gardens" and how it derived its name because the Audley Street Chapel—the one with the fine red doors—is part of St. George's of Hanover Square. Since that talk I have had a further look at this Parish of St. George's, and what a gloriously topsy-turvy piece of planning it is! The boundary runs through the middle of the Serpentine, along Piccadilly, sweeps down to include the Ritz, then trots north again up the middle of the Burlington Arcade, runs to Oxford Circus and then down the Bayswater Road, branching north to embrace the Burial Ground, with its blitzy chapels.

There were originally six chapels in the parish. Of St. George's Church itself; I read that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, during her honeymoon in London, wrote in a letter, that "Englishwomen look such frumps, even



when they aren't." How strange that two great Roosevelts should have spent honeymoons in London; Mrs. Teddy Roosevelt was married at St. George's, and the future President signed the register: "28, widower, ranchman."

Nearly all the old London parishes exhibit a passion for running down the middle of a street, as do some of the metropolitan police districts. An intoxicated clubman (if there ever were such a dreadful thing these days) on the Royal Automobile side of Pall Mall would be taken in charge by "A" division, and possibly ignored by a policeman on the other side of the street who, as a member of "C" division, has to guard the Junior Carlton, the "Rag" and the Marlborough clubs.

THERE have been times when Tchekov's *The Cherry Orchard* has entranced me with its wistfulness, but seeing the present much-praised Old Vic revival only set my mind off at tangents all evening—for which I blame myself, not the players.

Instead of feeling pity, I began to wonder whether the play was often produced in Western Germany nowadays, the further to bemuse the occupying Powers; and what the Russians themselves think of *The Cherry Orchard* to-day.

The habit of a character dodging the question, and then of issuing disjointed statements having nothing to do with the matters in hand; the waves of self-pity and trotting-out of inferiority complexes; what fun the Russians have!

Perhaps it was the sudden arrival of an air-raider in the second act that took my mind off the actual playing and made the whole affair just a background for more recent events. It also made me turn to Constance Garnett's translation. I found that the stage direction for this odd noise was: ("*a sound in the distance as if we were from the sky—the sound of a breaking harp string, mournfully dying away*"). One of the characters asks: "What is that?" and another answers, "I don't know, but it's horrid."

In the first few minutes we have the lament "every day some misfortune befalls me"; then jolly lines like "I can never make out whether or not to live or shoot myself," down to the curtain's fall with the aged servant's cry of "Life has slipped by as though I hadn't lived—good for nothing."

Such queer, unbusiness-like people I never met in all my life" says the rich merchant, and the student Trofimov gives us the fullest measure.

"We are at least two hundred years behind, we do nothing but theorize . . . the vast majority of us live like savages, at the least thing fly to blows and abuse, and eat piggyishly."

"It's clear that all our fine talk is only to divert our attention and other people's. Show me where to find the crèches there is so much talk about, or the reading rooms . . . there is nothing but filth and vulgarity and Asiatic apathy."

Somehow I cannot see Stalin's stage censor permitting the production of a comparable indictment of conditions, as did the censor of the Tsar forty years ago.

AFTER having seen four soldiers in Buckingham Palace Road (one a corporal, too) stand in attitudes of negligent ease—hands in pockets, fags in mouth—as the Colours passed by I have begun to wonder about the value of conscripted military training.

Also the merit of a type of military headgear which seems to have been adopted largely because it suited the particular beauty of the late C.I.G.S.—I refer to the beret.

—Gordon Beckles

## THE TEMPOCRATIC HOURARCHY

Strictly revere that labourer whose pay  
Is settled by the hour or even day.  
He is a WORKER. And he does more  
work  
Than one paid every week, e.g. a clerk.  
Still lazier, presumably, is he  
Who once a month receives his £ s. d.;  
While those to whom, or, rather, to whose  
bank  
Cheques accrue quarterly, can barely  
rank.

This leaves beyond the pale writers and such  
Who gain irregularly (and not much);  
They, one infers, perform no work at all.  
Let them be liquidated, put against a wall,  
Or otherwise dispatched! For theirs the crime  
Of doing whatever they do in their own time;  
And if you use your *own* time for your craft  
How can you call that working? Don't be daft!  
Advance then, Comrades, till that Worker's  
reckoned  
In labour first, whose wage is by the second.

—Justin Richardson



AWAITING THE MOVE OFF, Mr. Winston Churchill surveys the meet of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt at Chartwell Farm, near Sevenoaks, Kent, the home of his son-in-law, Capt. Christopher Soames. Mr. Churchill, who was seventy-four on November 30, had several hours sport with the Hunt, and his practical riding kit was widely admired





Major Robert Peel, one of the new Joint-Masters, accompanies hounds into one of the coverts



Capt. Philip Profumo, the other Joint-Master, with the Earl of Westmorland, visiting from England

## The Galway Blazers Meet At Athenry



Sir Dermot Cusack-Smith, Bt., and Lady Cusack-Smith, Joint-Masters of the Bermingham and North Galway Foxhounds



Major Fred Carr, a former Master of the Galway Blazers, was there with Col. J. Burke Cole



Major P. Smylie, another English visitor, with Miss Anita Leslie, authoress daughter of Sir Shane Leslie, Bt.



Mrs. T. Caulfield and Mrs. A. H. Morris were two others at the opening meet at Athenry, Co. Galway

## HUNTING NOTES

ON the whole, the last fortnight—up to the time of writing—provided some enjoyable sport for the Warwickshire. In the first week we had three very pleasant days; the Monday in the Tadmarton neighbourhood, the Thursday from Oxhill—when the Rodwells entertained their friends at the meet, and the Saturday, from Gaydon Inn.

On November 27, the meet was at Alveston. It has never been there before; at least in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Hounds killed a fox near Ettington, and, after finding in Mr. Findon's Covert, ran well in the favourite Oxhill-Pillerton country till they had to be stopped at last near Bright's Plantation. Two days earlier the meet was at Lower Quinton, when a fox was killed in Sheepleys, and hounds ran well from Preston Bushes past Admington Hall, on the Cotswold Hills, where they finally marked to ground in a drain near Hidcote.

HUNTING in Lincolnshire is now being carried on as sweetly as the proverbial marriage bell. There has been no frost to interfere with the sport and the going is just right for the most fastidious man in the saddle. When the Belvoir met at Old Somerby in the Grantham district, hounds found plenty of foxes in Wood Nook and one vulp took them to the Alma plantation at Londonthorpe where he beat them by getting underground. Another from some roots near Boothby Big Wood gave a jolly gallop by way of Ropsley Rise to the Abney Wood. The Blankney afforded two enjoyable hunts after meeting at Langford Manor on the following day. Followers had to cram on their hats and ride over Stapleford Common before losing when pointing for Norton Disney, and there was another nice twenty-five minutes from Bush Osiers, but the failing light compelled them to cry halt when heading for Cockburn's Covert.



THE Hertfordshire Hounds have been doing well and from Silsoe they had a good morning around Wrest Park before scoring a fast run from Cainhoe Park Wood to Chicksands Big Wood. After meeting at Aldbury, a stout fox from the Nowers took them out towards Tring Station before heading back to the hills, which he soon left for the vale again, running out by Pitstone and on to Cheddington, whence he circled back to the Nowers, where he beat hounds.

The Hon. John and Mrs. Grimston entertained a big field at Gorhambury, where there was a fine show of foxes, while from their Clophill meet hounds had a busy day and one of a brace from Ampthill Park was marked to ground after a fast hunt.

Major and Mrs. Stedall welcomed all at Billington Manor and a Litany pilot gave the pack a fast run by Sewell before getting in at Totternhoe Knowle; later a Coombe Wood fox gave hounds a fine hunt, concluding with a four-mile point from Steps Hill to the Nowers, part of which was witnessed by followers of the South Herts Beagles who had met at Aldbury that afternoon.

THE Aldenham Harriers opening meet took place at the Three Horseshoes on Harpenden Common when a big field turned out. Hounds scored a nice hunt of fifty minutes with a hare from Mr. Dickinson's land at Ayres End which took them to Nomansland and round by way of Langley Wood to the main line railway and back to Ayres End where they caught her. Another hare from Nomansland gave them a good sixty minutes. All the young draft hounds have entered well.

The Joint-Masters (Mr. G. H. Hartop and Mr. Stanley White) and their wives gave a most enjoyable party for the farmers and other supporters of the Hunt a few days later, at Harpenden, when those present included Lt.-Colonel R. C. Faulconer (Joint-Master of the Hertfordshire), Col. G. de Chair (acting Master of the Old Berkeley East), Mr. Tim Muxworthy (Hon. Huntsman of the Enfield Chace) and Capt. F. Goddard Jackson (Master of the South Herts Beagles).

Fennell, Dublin





*Mr. Hugh Finn, Mr. John Waterer and Miss E. F. Skinner, Honorary Secretary of the Ball Committee*



*Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Watney retire to the lounge for a drink. The Ball was held at the Swan Hotel*



*Mr. Tony Hull and Miss Jean Dobell were two who favoured the stairs for sitting out*

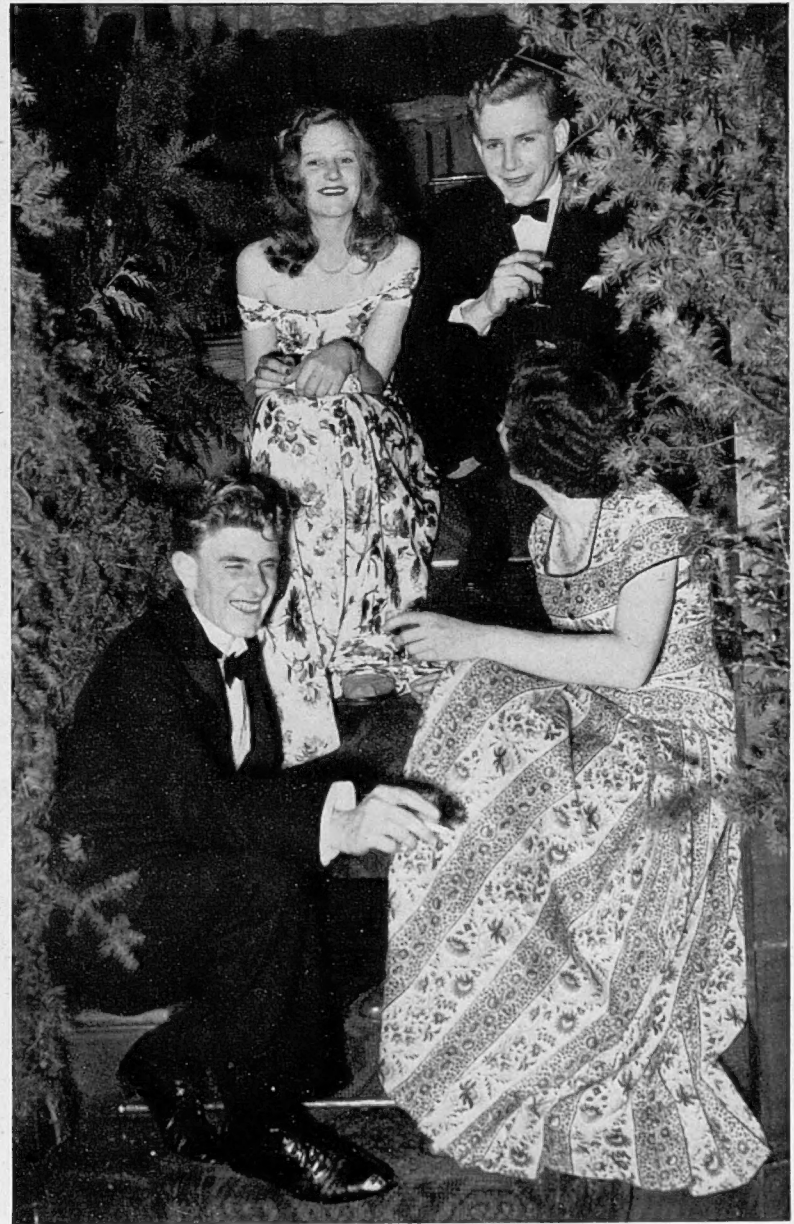
## Wye College Beagles Hunt Ball at Charing, Kent



*Miss M. Tohall, Mr. Gerald Goodale and Mrs. H. Harman listen to an amusing story by Mr. D. Skillback, who is the Principal of Wye College*



*Mrs. Kidd, Mr. B. M. Kidd, Miss D. Osborne and Mr. M. MacNeill were among the guests. The Wye College Beagles were only started last year*



*Another happy group on the bower-like staircase consisted of Mr. A. Sommerville, Miss A. Tomkins, Mr. T. S. Rogers and Miss B. Martin*



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations  
by Hoffnung]

# At The Pictures

## Hollywood On Home Ground

IN the limited spheres of the Wild West and the gangster underworld, Hollywood is still unsurpassed. So *Red River* (Plaza) and *Call Northside 777* (Odeon, Marble Arch) are welcome examples of the Hollywood school at its best.

Both pictures illustrate also a more fundamental function of the cinema, namely to show us other shores. Travelogues have to a considerable extent been condemned out of the mouths of their own commentators. But photographed reality is still the raw material of cinema, even in the present advanced stage of back projection and studio mechanics.

Cut off from reality the film becomes an impoverished shadow-show. Enriched by natural backgrounds, the more vital is the film and the easier the director's job.

On the camera's faculty of reproducing the beauties of natural scenery the whole popularity of the classic Western has been built up, until we gratefully accept a story of quite fatuous formality for the sake of the horses, the Indians and the wide open spaces.

*Red River* is such a Western, and very handsome, too. By arriving accidentally ten minutes late I completely missed the first female presence (Coleen Gray's) in the picture, and the second (Joanne Dru) does not arrive until the final ten minutes or so. What I saw was John Wayne with a man (Walter Brennan), a boy (who grows up into Montgomery Clift) and two cows settling down in Texas to found a cattle empire. After the Civil War, finding no market for his beef the pioneer sets out to drive it alive to Missouri across the Rio Grande, growing more ruthless with every day's trek.

Over the story, of the cattle emperor's gradual displacement by the boy he adopted, it would be easy to doze, were it not for fear of losing by even a single nod a particular light on the mountains, the silhouette of wagons on the horizon, a particular pattern made by the winding band of cattle as it presses through rough country or at last crosses the broad river framed in the hood of the covered wagon.

WE know the cattle must stampede, but are unfailingly excited when they do so, after the built-up suspense of a coyote's wail menacing the nerves of men and beasts. We follow the familiar course of the story without surprise but with expected exhilaration until the wholly

idiotic dénouement when the director, Howard Hawks, introduces a sudden and totally irrelevant female rescued from the Indians as a *deus ex machina*.

*Red River* is not the very best Western. But it is an acceptable example of a form Hollywood has long mastered. And it introduces a most promising actor in Montgomery Clift. Physically Mr. Clift is an unlikely Western hero, being on the skinny side and otherwise unlike the Hollywood ideal. He impresses by the telling restraint of his acting.

A NEWER formula is to graft an authentic background on to the reconstruction of city crime. *Call Northside 777* is in the direct line of *Boomerang* and *Naked City*.

Last year, it seems, a Chicago Pole received twenty-four thousand dollars from the State of Illinois by way of compensation for a dozen years of wrongful imprisonment for the murder of a policeman in 1932. The righting of such a whopping injustice, the background in the Polish quarter of Chicago, above all the perfect "human interest story" of the old Polish mother saving up her earnings as a charwoman for years and years until she could advertise a reward of five thousand dollars for information of the real murderers, add up to a film natural.

James Stewart, whose acting seems to have filled out since the war like his face, makes the most of a fine opportunity as the reporter assigned to answer the advertisement. He follows it to prison, then pursues it through police records, against deliberate obstruction and in despite of vanished witness, and through the meaner streets of Chicago to ferret out proof of the prisoner's innocence.

As a natural film news story it has been told coldly, factually, and directed by Henry Hathaway with a minimum of sentimental diversion. Familiar and unfamiliar faces are judiciously blended to give an impression of presence rather than performance.

Richard Conte as Wiecek, the innocent convict, plays with simple dignity. Kasia Orzazewski and Joanne de Bergh succeed in giving his mother and wife the vulnerable reality of the interviewed. Even the newspaper office has recognizable features, and that solidly witty actor, Lee J. Cobb, does a nice portrait of a hard-headed editor who knows how to exploit soft hearts—his own, his reporters' and their readers'—although both editor and reporter seem to have unlimited time to devote to one story.



James Stewart tackles an intruder ("Call Northside 777")

STEWART's visits to the penitentiary take us into a grim circle of cages like a hideous human zoo. The dark streets "back of the stockyards" which he combs for Wanda Skutnik, the key witness, are populated by square, swarthy peasant-featured Poles, presenting a new face of America. The room where he at last finds Speak-easy Wanda (Betty Garde) and her man has a vivid squalor reminiscent of the epileptic sequence in *Carnet de Bal*.

At the end there are still some things we should like to know about the case. Perhaps these loose ends are left because fact on the whole tends to be less tidy than fiction. But such authentic backgrounds and atmosphere should not be a mere novelty fashion. They are, and always have been, simply the screen's most convincing way of reconstructing a realistic crime or other drama.

BRITISH films seldom venture outside the studios into our horrid climate. So I was grateful to *Another Shore* (Leicester Square Theatre) for showing me Dublin, which I do not know, and for confirming what I did know, that real backgrounds can give life to even the most unreal stories.

How phoney or not the film's blarney may be I am not qualified to pronounce. I can only say that Robert Beatty reminds me of quite a few Irishmen I have known personally, besides many met in books and plays, as the customs official who gives up his job to sit on a bench in St. Stephen's Green and dream of his passage to a South Sea Island. Moira Lister gives charm and delicacy to a bright young member of Anglo-Irish hunting circles who coolly pursues the would-be beachcomber. So few of our young actresses have any idea how to act with their voices that it is positively surprising to hear Miss Lister (whose voice is not notably beautiful) do so to such point. And Stanley Holloway as an elderly panama-hatted drunk who shares the hero's yearning for ukuleles is as real as Colonel Chinstrap and twice as endearing.

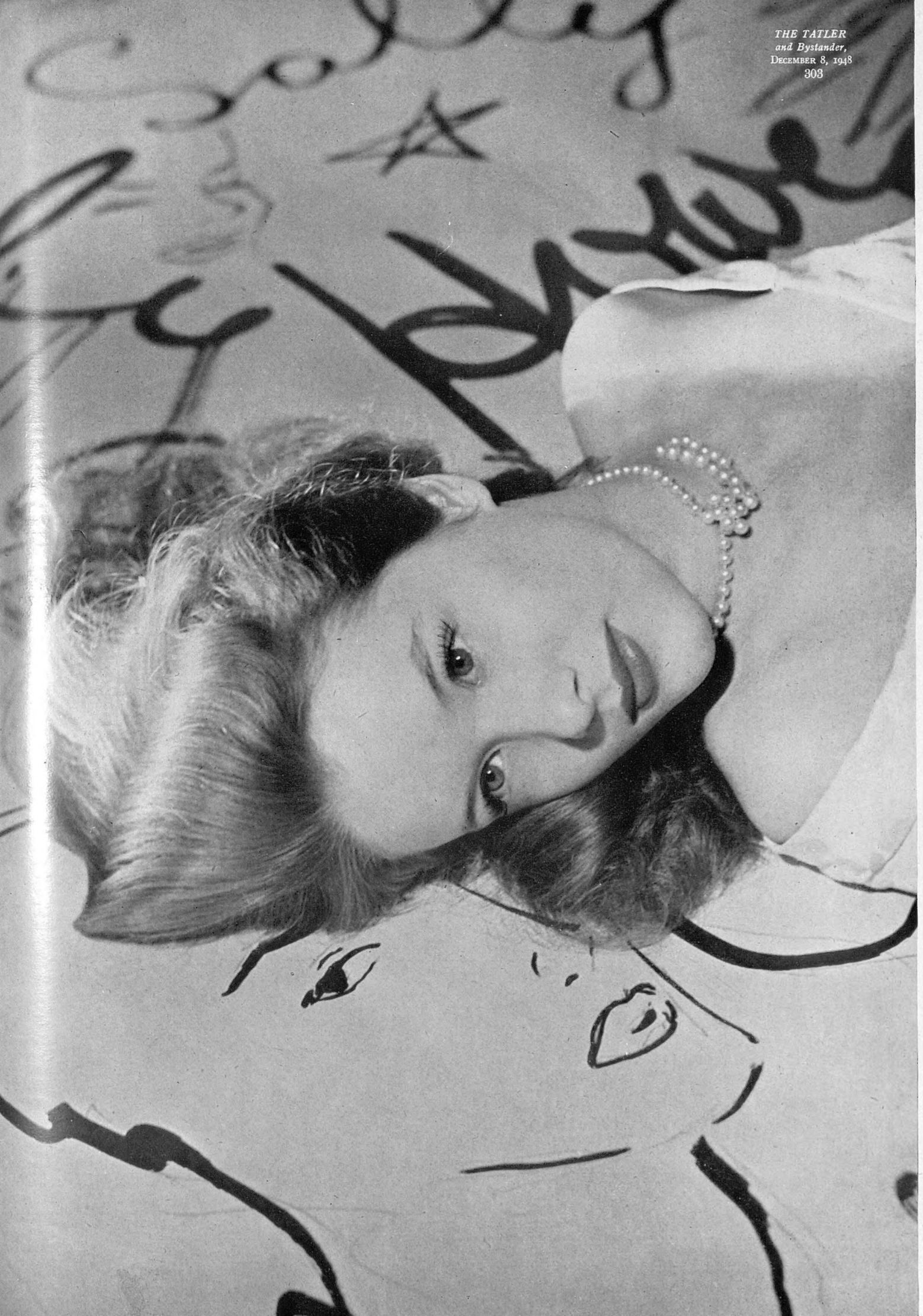
These three characterizations are choice enough to make *Another Shore* unusually engaging whimsy in my view, though whimsy even with an Irish accent is always a matter of taste, and not perhaps a taste British filmgoers have acquired.



"Real backgrounds can give life to even the most unreal stories"

**SALLY ANN HOWES**, who is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Bobby Howes, made her first film appearance in 1943 in *Thursday's Child*, in which her performance, even at so early an age, at once marked her as promising star material. Since then she has been seen in *Pink String and Sealing Wax* and *Dead of Night*, and has recently completed the rôle of Christabel, the Girl on the Wall, opposite John Mills in *The History of Mr Polly*. She is now starring in *Fools Rush In*, based on Kenneth Horne's play of the girl who first reads the marriage service on her bridal eve, in production at Pinewood under the direction of John Paddy Carstairs. This photograph of her is by Baron







Anthony Cookman

[ Illustration  
by Tom Titt ]

# At The Theatre

## "Miss Mabel" (Duchess)

IF we did not know better we should be tempted to speak of Mr. R. C. Sherriff's new play as a delightful instance of "beginner's luck." Everything falls in remarkably well with everything else, apparently by a series of happy accidents. This impression has in fact needed a great deal of care and cunning to create, but there it is. Mr. Sherriff brings off a highly ticklish professional job with the innocent air of a lucky amateur.

There is a gently beguiling first act, but the story seems as the curtain falls to be heading for the rocks. A will (cosily read by the lawyer from London) makes it possible for the vicar and his wife, the doctor, the would-be architect and his fiancée, and the gardener to set about realizing their pet dreams of doing good. They are all astonished, not only (as we are) by the size of the tax-free bequests but by the identity of their benefactor.

If she had been dear Miss Mabel they would have regarded the will as the supreme expression of her goodness of heart, but Miss Mabel is poor and it is her sister, that malignant old cat whom everybody detested with good reason, who is revealed as Lady Bountiful. And just before the curtain falls something the doctor says suggests to the startled lawyer that the author of the will is indeed Miss Mabel.

When the curtain rises again the expected rocks are not to be seen. The lawyer has explained to the beneficiaries that the won-

derful will is worthless, and there begins at once an amusing comedy of good men struggling with their professional consciences. It is clear that Miss Mabel has forged the will out of fine charity. Is there any reason why a legal punctilio should deprive the vicar of his seaside holiday home for children, the doctor of his badly needed hospital, the bank clerk and the gardener of the chance to do the disinterested work they want to do?

THE lawyer sees that there is very good reason. He has no intention of compromising his professional honour, much as he may sympathize with the others. But the doctor in a matter which has (as he then supposes) nothing to do with medicine is quite ready to perjure himself for the good of the community. Since he insists on his right to withdraw his evidence the lawyer finds himself free to indulge his natural sympathies and abandons his objection without leaving a speck on his professional reputation. As for the vicar—good, earnest man—he can only trust that the dead woman is wiser now and would welcome the philanthropic distribution of her money.

Then Miss Mabel placidly remarks that she would not have done it at all if she had not first assured herself that there would be no pain.

Again the play seems to be heading for the rocks, and again it is found sailing bravely to its appointed haven. Mr. Sherriff having impersonation,

forgery and murder on board, quietly jettisons the red herrings with which he has made such dexterous entertainment and whistles up the emotional zephyrs.

They bring the voyage to an end in fine style. Miss Mary Jerrold movingly establishes the character of Miss Mabel, the tranquil old lady with the gentle voice who thinks one or two lives a trifling price to pay for all the good that is coming to her little world. It is Miss Jerrold's business to make us forget that sentimental cases make bad law. Exquisitely she compels us to forget.

MR. CLIVE MORTON impressively conceals a certain necessary slowness of mind in the family solicitor and the play is always the stronger for his presence. Mr. W. E. Holloway gives a wonderfully veracious account of the vicar, a good man "perplexed in the extreme." Miss Josephine Middleton has an excellent scene in which she indignantly pooh-poohs the notion that murder can be a crime if it is done by a woman kind enough to present the parish with a seaside holiday home. In sum, an entertainment remarkably many-sided in its appeal. It is a chronicle of crime; it states a case of conscience; it is a comedy of professional casuistry; and, above all, as it ultimately appears, it is a study of character.



*Strange Effects of a Bombshell*, as the will of Miss Mabel's sister is read. The gardener (Sidney Monckton) rushes home to tell his wife, Peter and Mary (Peter Murray and Mary Matthews) embrace rapturously and the vicar and his wife (W. E. Holloway and Josephine Middleton) with more restraint. The doctor and lawyer (Richard Warner and Clive Morton) express subdued approval, while Miss Mabel (Mary Jerrold) retains undisputed control of the situation for which she has schemed





**GORDON HARKER**, whose look of compressed and smouldering speculation—to issue in little jets of epigram and staccato comment—Emmwood has caught so well, is, like A. E. Matthews, one whom in later years at least, the comic muse has made her own. It seems that as experience deepens so does the ability to look on life with an amused, albeit sardonic, eye. He has recently been starring in *Saloon Bar* at the Garrick, and his success in that other post-war play, *The Poltergeist*, is still freshly in mind. A Londoner, he first appeared at the long-forgotten Imperial Theatre in 1903—a fact which leads to the inevitable reflection that on present form he might well be found leading in a comedy in a yet-to-be-built theatre in 2003





Round the table are Mrs. Gweneth Benson, Mrs. B. Sewell, Miss Mary Jennings, Capt. C. Benson, Major and Mrs. J. Briggs, Miss F. Collins, Capt. John Vevers, Major F. Goodwin and Miss A. West enjoying a drink in the fine old panelled hall



The guests had rum punch on arrival: Capt. John Vevers and Miss F. Collins take their glasses



S/Ldr. R. N. Pye and Miss Pamela Hawker laughing over a dance with a difference

## A MILITARY BALL AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL

The Mess, Which Includes Officers of all Three Services, Organises an Enjoyable Evening

Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations



Miss Denham and Capt. Barnard, R.N., Commandant R.N. Tactical School, applaud the band as the dance ends



"Put your right foot in . . ." The Hokey Cokey gets, as usual, all the dancers on the floor, whatever their degree of skill





*Mr. P. M. B. Sutcliffe, Miss Elspeth Barran, Major Sylvester Bradley and Miss Diana Backhouse sit out for a short period*



*A birthday toast to Mrs. Keenlyside by Major R. B. Eraut, Major E. S. Harrison, Mrs. Eraut, Col. Galloway, Mrs. Harrison and Col. R. M. Keenlyside*



*Mrs. M. Mitchell, Capt. W. Harbottle and Capt. John Howard, M.C., sit down to a drink*



*Miss B. B. O'Keefe, Capt. W. B. Barber and Capt. S. R. Philpot listen to an amusing story by Miss Pat Wolfe-Hogan*



*Major the Hon. Ralfe Evans-Freke, who is Lord Carbery's brother and heir, with the Hon. Mrs. Evans-Freke*



*Brigadier D. C. McPherson passes the lobster to his daughter, Miss Christine McPherson, and Mr. M. A. James*



*Capt. H. I. Winsor, Mrs. Marjorie Holdcroft, Mr. H. Allsopp and Miss E. Worth find a quiet corner of an ante-room in which to enjoy refreshments and cigarettes*



*At the buffet supper laid on the tables in the great Billiards Hall: Miss R. Hersant, Dr. Kenneth Wallace and W/Cdr. R. B. Abraham*



*Another party included Mrs. Alan Black, Miss Kitty Black, Cdr. David Gregory, R.N., Cdr. Viscount Kelburn, R.N., 2nd Officer Shannon, W.R.N.S., Major-Gen. B. C. Kimmins and Cdr. Black, R.N.*





A Group of Guests at the  
"500" Ball

*Lady Waddilove (left, front), one of the patrons, with a party at the very successful "500" Ball held at Claridges in aid of the British Rheumatic Association. Standing on the right is Lady Waddilove's sister, Miss Le Gros, and other members of the party include Lt.-Cdr. Beechy-Newman, Mr. A. H. Ridgwell, Mr. Anthony Applestone, Mrs. W. Ainslie, Cdr. Ainslie, Rear-Admiral W. K. C. Grace, Mrs. Beechy-Newman and Mr. Arthur Unwin*

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** Royal family plans have been completely upset by the sudden, unhappy news of His Majesty's illness. Although the Queen, Queen Mary, and others close to him had for some time known that the King was not in his usual robust health, the seriousness of the doctors' pronouncement came as a shock for everyone, including the King himself, who had hoped that the condition of his leg was merely a temporary one, and that it might be possible after some period of complete rest for him to resume his normal, active life, and, above all, to carry out the tour of Australia and New Zealand, to which he and the Queen and Princess Margaret were so greatly looking forward.

But the doctors' decision rules all such ideas out of the question. Although the King is carrying on a full measure of State business in his suite and continues to give private audiences, the doctors have forbidden him to undertake any activities involving exercise.

Confined to his rooms at the Palace, the King, who has always counted on out-of-door exercise as one of his greatest pleasures, finds conditions somewhat irksome, and I understand that he is particularly anxious to get down to Sandringham as early as possible. Hopes are entertained that he may be able to make the journey, perhaps by car, a fortnight before Christmas. Meanwhile, Sir Alan Lascelles and other members of the Royal entourage are reviewing the whole list of engagements arranged for the next two or three months, in order to dovetail as many of them as possible into the programmes of other members of the Royal family. Fortunately, since the Royal tour

was to have occupied six months of next year, there were comparatively few engagements arranged for the King and Queen before their departure.

ONE of the most disappointed members of the suite who were to accompany the King and Queen is Countess Spencer. Recovering from an illness, she was looking forward to the sea voyage, and to seeing her son, Viscount Althorp, who is A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Australia. Disappointed, too, is Viscountess Ruthven, widow of the Earl of Gowrie's only son, who was chosen as the Queen's other Lady-in-Waiting for the tour, and who had been hoping to renew old friendships which she made in Australia during her father-in-law's period as Governor-General.

The two presentation parties arranged for January 19th and 20th have been postponed until the normal dates in the summer, as the whole point of their being held in January was to fit them in before the Royal tour.

\* \* \*

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH was an early visitor on Private View Day at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters fifty-fifth annual exhibition, which is being held at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly until December 22nd.

He was particularly interested in the small oil sketch of his wife by James Gunn, which is the original sketch for a larger "conversation piece" picture which is not yet completed; also the two clever pencil drawings of himself and Princess Elizabeth, by Edward Halliday, which are exhibited on the next screen to the Gunn sketch.

Also in this gallery the Duke saw the large oil painting of the Queen painted by Mr. Oswald Birley, Vice-President of the Society, who escorted him round the galleries. This fine portrait-painter is exhibiting an exceptionally good likeness of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, and charming portraits of the Marchioness of Linlithgow and the Duchess of Roxburghe, the latter painted in a wine velvet dress. Mr. Simon Elwes, who was greeting many friends as they went round the rooms, has five pictures hanging in the exhibition. The most striking of these is his giant canvas of H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala, painted in a deep pink tunic and wearing the most fabulous jewels. I liked the same painter's portrait of H.M. the Queen of the Hellenes: this is quite a small picture, and shows her Majesty wearing a white bolero over a crimson blouse.

MR. FRANK SALISBURY has five exhibits, and I especially liked his fine portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill, which hangs in the centre of the West Gallery, and his painting of Lord Queenborough, wearing a green velvet smoking jacket. In the adjoining room, Beatrice Lillie, wearing one of her jaunty little fezzes, this time in "shocking" pink, is portrayed in a delightful painting by Miss Kathleen Mann, who has four pictures in the show.

Next to this picture is a handsome portrait of Viscountess Rothermere, by Mrs. Flora Lion, who is exhibiting four other portraits, including one of Sir Ronald and Lady Cross's pretty fair-haired daughter, Diana. Among other pictures I liked were Mr. Anthony Devas's portrait of Mrs. Christopher Sykes, Mr. David Jagger's sole exhibit, which is an excellent portrait of Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld in uniform, Mr. Cohen's delightful picture of Sally, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foot, painted in her party dress with a pink sash, and the same artist's portrait of Lady Meyer, who I met looking at the pictures with her husband and mother.



H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester paid a brief visit that morning to see the pictures, including Mr. Frank Salisbury's painting of her husband, a present from his old regiment, the 10th Royal Hussars.

Lady Annaly was looking at the pictures with Mr. Maurice Codner, who painted her portrait, which hangs near the big picture of the Queen. Lord Queenborough, looking very like his picture, was sitting chatting to friends, and I saw Lady Munnings, Lady Cross, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield talking to Mrs. Michael Woods, Lord and Lady George Scott and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, wearing a rose-coloured satin evening dress under a fur cape, attended the première of *The Voice of the Turtle* at the Warner Cinema Theatre. She was received by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Mrs. Hartman, chairman of the Ladies Committee of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, in aid of which this performance was held. Among the audience that night were the Duchess of Gloucester's youngest brother, Lord George Scott, and his attractive wife, who as Molly Bishop has done many clever paintings. They have recently moved into a studio in Chelsea, where Lady George Scott is beset with orders for portraits, some of which we may have the opportunity of seeing when she holds her exhibition in February.

I was distressed to hear how difficult it is becoming to raise funds for this wonderful crusade, the B.E.C.C., which has already done so much to relieve the suffering of humanity, and must be vigorously supported to continue its invaluable research. Unfortunately many people imagine, wrongly, that this campaign against the dreaded scourge of cancer is now supported by the National Health movement.

A SUNDAY evening was chosen for the concert at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in aid of the Queen of Greece's fund for Refugee Children, when the Greek pianist, Gina Bachauer, and conductor Alec Sherman gave their services. The splendid sum of £1,500 was raised, and will go to this fund to help relieve the terrible hardship and suffering being borne by thousands of innocent children in Greece to-day. Queen Frederika founded this fund over a year ago, and thanks to her efforts, life has already begun again with imagination and sympathy for over 15,000 Greek children. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, looking radiant in a silver and white chifon dress, attended the concert, and was received by Mrs. Noel Baker, the chairman, and Mrs. Carras, the honorary organiser. On arrival the Duchess was presented

with a bouquet by Davia and Laura Wallace, the six- and seven-year-old granddaughters of the late Capt. Euan Wallace, M.P.

I WENT to the "second edition" first night of *Slings and Arrows*, the new revue starring Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham. They had given an opening performance at the usual starting-time, 7 p.m., and then went straight on with this second performance, starting just before eleven, which enabled all their friends playing in other theatres to come on after their own performances.

Eileen Herlie, who sat just in front of me, came on to see the very clever skit on *Medea*, and Hermione Baddeley was in a box with Henry Kendall, rocking with laughter at the many references to herself. Eric Portman sat with Mary Ellis listening to the song about his new rôle in *Playbill*. Among other stars in the stalls were Googie Withers with her husband, John McCallum; Dorothy Ward and her husband, Shaun Glenville; Yolande Donlan, Dulcie Gray and her husband, Michael Denison; Emlyn Williams and his wife, Arthur Askey and Jean Haythorne with several of the cast of *Little Lambs Eat Ivy*. Anona Winn, Edmund Geffron, Lizbeth Webb and Brian Reece came on from *Bless the Bride* to see themselves lampooned in this witty and amusing revue, which no doubt will have as many devotees as its brilliant predecessors, the *Sweet and Low* series.

Another very enjoyable opening, but in quite another vein, was the first night of R. C. Sherriff's new play, *Miss Mabel*, in which Mary Jerrold plays the chief rôle exquisitely at the Duchess Theatre. I personally enjoyed this play enormously, and from the wonderful reception it received I imagine everyone agreed with me. Among the audience I saw Rose Marchioness of Headfort and Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, all inveterate "first nighters," applauding hard. Also Mr. Somerset Maugham escorting Mrs. Gladys Calthrop.

ONE of the last engagements Mrs. Lewis Douglas fulfilled before she left for the U.S. was to attend the first committee meeting for the Christmas ball of which she is president. This ball is to be held at the Dorchester on December 21st in aid of the Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund, and Mrs. Attlee is once again chairman, for the cause is one in which she takes the keenest interest. A really Christmasy atmosphere will be created with holly decoration, red candles on the tables and turkey on the menu for dinner, as the tickets for the ball include dinner and a midnight buffet. There is to be no auction, but a tombola for valuable gifts, a bottle houp-la and many other attractions.



The Hon. Mrs. E. G. Hastings, joint-chairman of the Ball, with Col. Malcolm Stoddart Scott, M.P., vice-chairman of the B.R.A.



Mr. John Trehearne talking to Mr. Michael Pelham Burn and Miss Diana Service



Miss Rosemary Darvall with the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, Lord Sandhurst's younger son

## Others Who Helped the British Rheumatic Association



Miss Pat Buchanan-Michaelson has her fortune told by the clairvoyant



Mr. J. R. Smyth and Miss B. Craigie, two more of the younger guests, at dinner



Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge take the floor for a waltz

Swaabe



## The Shikar Club Has a Reunion Dinner



Mr. Frank Wallace, the hon. secretary, with  
Lt.-Col. the Earl of Airlie



Mr. David Boyle and Brig. Archer Clive hail  
acquaintances across the room



Mr. Hugh Buxton with Lt.-Col. Sir  
Mathew Wilson, Bt., who came down  
from Yorkshire



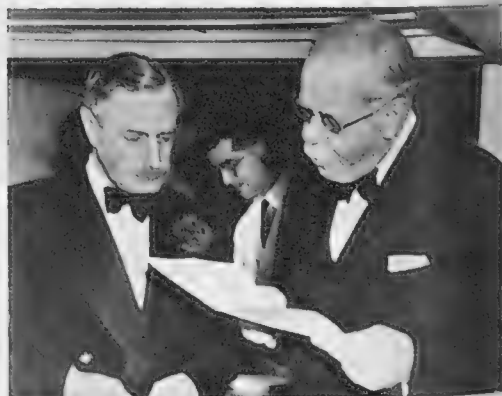
H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who was the guest of honour at this, the Club's  
first dinner since the war, met many old friends at the Savoy. He is here  
talking to Lt.-Col. Humphrey Butler



Col. Sir Richard Leighton, Bt., former commander of  
the Shropshire Yeomanry, with Major T. K. Robson  
and Major Guy Rowley



Air-Cdre. R. Peel Ross with  
Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles  
Longcroft (retd.)



Major H. W. Hall and Capt.  
Keith Caldwell inspect the  
evening's programme





*Air Marshal Sir Arthur Sanders, lately commanding the Occupation air force in Germany, Lady Sanders and Mr. H. W. Stevens*



*Mrs. W. G. Cheshire talking to Mme. Von Arbin and Air Vice-Marshal L. F. Pendred, who is Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Intelligence)*

## Lord Tedder's Party for Swedish Air Force Visitors



*Major Magnusson, of the Swedish Air Board, talking to Grp. Capt. D. I. Coote*



*Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Chief of Air Staff, with Air Cdre. R. B. Maycock*



*Mrs. Coote enjoying a joke with Air Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, Air Council Member for Personnel*



*Mr. Bruce Seton, the actor, and Mrs. Seton. The party was given at the Malcolm Club, Cadogan Gardens*



*Mr. Hawkes with Major-Gen. N. Soderberg, Chief of the Swedish Air Board, and Grp. Capt. H. M. S. Wright*



*S/Ldr. R. E. Skelley chats with Capt. C. Lothigius, assistant to the Air Attaché*

*Swagbe*





Three English visitors on a hunting holiday: Mrs. H. M. Gosling, Miss R. Mabey and Mrs. Cooper, followers of the West Kent hounds



Major E. O'Kelly and the Countess of Fingall, of Killeen Castle, Co. Meath, wife of the 12th Earl, watching the parade of hunters at the sales



Capt. and Mrs. Charles St. George, of Cahir, Co. Tipperary, followers of the Tipperary Hounds



Parading the horses round the ring. They showed a remarkably high standard of quality and made good prices



Mr. J. Shribman, the owner, talking to Mrs. Wm. Redmond, T.D., who represents Waterford in the Dail

## November Bloodstock Sales at Ballsbridge



Mrs. Michael Carvill, younger daughter of Sir Walter Nugent, with Miss Elizabeth Judd



Lady Decies, wife of the sixth baron, from Kinnitty Castle, Co. Offaly, discusses the sales with Prince d'Ardia Caracciolo, from Waterford



Major Bruce Ogilvy, M.V.O., with his wife. Both are prominent owners



Capt. and Mrs. R. de L. Stedman, visitors from Limerick, were keenly interested spectators



Fennell, Dublin  
W/Cdr. T. A. Vigers, of Co. Kildare, exchanges impressions with Mr. J. P. Frost, of Co. Limerick





The "Tea-Party Ballet" was one of the features of a dancing display given by pupils of Miss Violet Ballantine at the Christmas Fair in Kensington Town Hall, in aid of the Time and Talents Clubs. The children seen dancing it are (standing) Jennifer Saville-Sneath, Lee Fisher, Carolyn Hunter, Carol Pitt-Roche (top-hat), Gay Lonsdale-Hands, Olda Willes, Candy Camera, Amanda Reiss, Angelina Morhange, the Hon Elizabeth Maitland, Gillian Elliot and Victoria Heber-Percy. Sitting (right) is the Hon. Mary Maitland

Priseilla

in Paris

## A Noel Coward First Night

A HORSE SHOW that takes place in the evening seems to me rather an unsporting proposition. Especially at the Palais des Sports, where there is insufficient space, and a complete view over the arena is prevented by the two heavy columns that rise from the middle of the track to support the girdered roof. And anyway, I don't think it is fair on thoroughbreds unaccustomed to circus hours. Two awkward-looking falls took place the evening I was there, and it seemed miraculous that the riders and their mounts picked themselves up unhurt.

The vast building was packed to the topmost gallery, just as it is for the six-day bicycle race that annually delights the populace. But this was a more orderly crowd, one that refrained from bombarding unpopular judges with banana-skins and empty Camembert cheese boxes. Not a smart gathering however, even in the boxes and on the ground floor. The Palais des Sports offers a poor setting for sartorial splendour. The prettiest afternoon frocks and daintiest French hats take on a last-season's dowdiness against its glum background.

WHAT a contrast was the attendance at the Théâtre Edouard VII for Noel Coward's première of *Joyeux Chagrins* (*Present Laughter*). Bright but softly-shaded lights. Pleasantly furnished lounge and foyer. Lovely frocks. Black (and even white) ties and gay chatter. Before the curtain went up I was not sure whether this was Paris or London. The British colony turned up *en masse*, and all the French celebrities were, of course, speaking English. The author might just as well have played in English instead of accomplishing the *tour de force* of doing so in French. He had a great reception and a most appreciative audience, which must console him, should he need consoling, for a certain lack of enthusiasm shown by some of the more captious professional critics.

It will be interesting to see the response of an all-French audience—the people for whom

a rare evening at the theatre spells a delightful but ill-afforded extravagance nowadays. At the première we were side-tracked by so many pleasant little incidents, and among the audience were Lady Harvey, our Ambassadors, wearing a beautiful fox fur wrap, Lady Diana Cooper, in rose-red and gorgeous pearls, the Duchess of Windsor, in white brocade and dark furs, Mme. Gabrielle Dorziat, whose *grande allure* allows her to look her best in the coiffure immortalised by Queen Alexandra, Edward Molyneux, who at times must become weary of seeing his lovely creations wherever he goes, Henry Bernstein, whose long-announced play still seems to be hanging fire. . . .

THE crush in Noel's dressing-room was like the Metro during rush hours, but perfumed with flowers. In the foyer I met Charles Gombault and his very attractive young Canadian wife, Mrs. Ingrid Mason (the loveliest, honest-to-goodness blonde I know), who so rarely comes to Paris because she cannot bear to leave Caroline, her French-born champion Skye terrier, at home in her charming little Sussex farm; M. and Mme. Armand Massard and André Rivollet, to name but a few habitual first-nighters. The Edouard VII is one of the most comfortable little theatres in Paris. I have spent many pleasant evenings there, when Sacha Guitry was in his most felicitous vein and Yvonne Printemps divinely sang *Mozart* and *L'Amour Masqué*.

Voilà!

● The famous actor who has been married so often was asked what he would do if he received an anonymous letter: "Burn it unopened," was the reply.

There is also the sad memory of that spring evening when we arrived for the première of the play in which Lucien Guitry and Sarah Bernhardt were to appear. We found the theatre dark and closed with a notice affixed to the doors saying that the great actress had been taken ill and would not be able to play. We sensed, that night, that we would never see her again, and tip-toed away as if from a sick room. Three weeks later she died.

MAURICE ROSTAND, in his interesting volume of reminiscences—*Confessions d'un Demi-siècle*—relates many hitherto unknown anecdotes about Sarah Bernhardt's friendship with the Rostand family, and especially with Maurice's father. She was, of course, his—Edmond Rostand's—great protagonist. She created his first success, *La Samaritaine*, and, later, *L'Aiglon*. Many years afterwards—it was almost her last creation—she appeared in Maurice Rostand's *La Gloire*. This was after the amputation of her leg, but her voice had kept its magic and held her listeners enthralled.

In so many autobiographies one has the impression that the writer is ransacking his (or her) brain to recall and name any celebrity who may impress the reader. Not so Maurice. He writes only of his nearest, dearest friends, and it is hardly his fault that they are all famous. He is amazingly frank about himself and his early life when the glamorous gaieties of Paris enticed him away from his studies, while his younger brother, Jean—the great scientist—was brilliantly passing all the exams. That Maurice himself had utterly muffed.

There are some delightful stories about his mother, who when he was tiny could only get him to sleep by tying the end of a reel of cotton to his little finger, then unwinding the reel so that the thread passed under the door when she left the nursery, and the child could imagine he was still tied to her while she was downstairs.

This is a book that all lovers of Paris—pre-war Paris—and the Basque country will enjoy.





*Mrs. Arthur Gilbey and Mrs. Geoffrey Page looking at the picture of the directors of Gilbeys, by Henry Carr, R.P., one of the major exhibits at the Royal Institute Galleries. Mrs. Gilbey's husband is in the right foreground. This is the fifty-fifth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which is further described by Jennifer on page 308*

## THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS SHOW THEIR WORK

And sitters with their friends gather to discuss it at the R.S.P.P. private view in Piccadilly



*Lady Moir, who is the wife of Sir Arrol Moir, Bt., inspecting the pictures with Lady Walker*



*Lady Elisabeth Oldfield, younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, was there with Mrs. J. Tweed*



*Lord and Lady George Scott, younger brother and sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch*





Lady Annaly, wife of the fourth baron, congratulates Mr. Maurice Codner upon his portrait of her. Over 160 artists were represented at the exhibition, for which the bomb-damaged R.I. Galleries were opened for the first time since their repair



Miss June Seymour notes with approval her picture painted by Imre Goth



The original of "Mrs. Hamzavi" scrutinises her likeness by Joseph Oppenheimer, R.P.



Mrs. William Mathieson repeats in person her characteristic pose in Henry Carr's portrait



Lady Meyer, wife of Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., with her portrait painted by I. M. Cohen, R.P., R.O.I.



A very striking picture was Colin Colahan's of Miss Carmen Manley, the actress, who comes from the West Indies



Among the more formal exhibits, that of Miss Beatrice Munro, by Harold Speed, R.P., was prominent



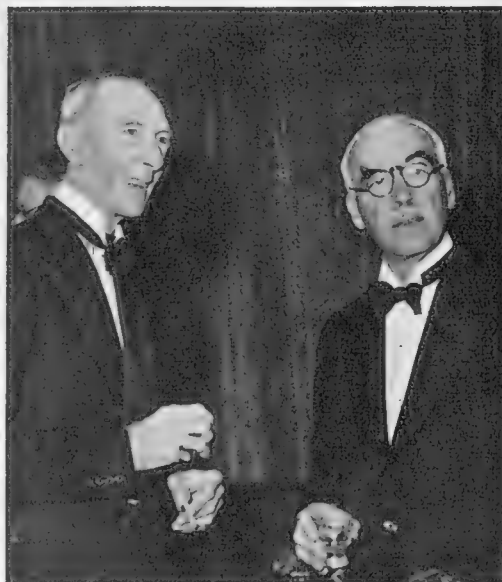


Mr. Frank L. Riseley (Rear-Commodore), Cdr. Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt., R.N. (Commodore), Mr. C. J. H. Wallen (Vice-Commodore) and Mr. F. S. Jasper, M.C. (Hon. Secretary), review the past season, during which the club, as the senior yacht club in Torquay, was largely responsible for the Olympic Regatta arrangements

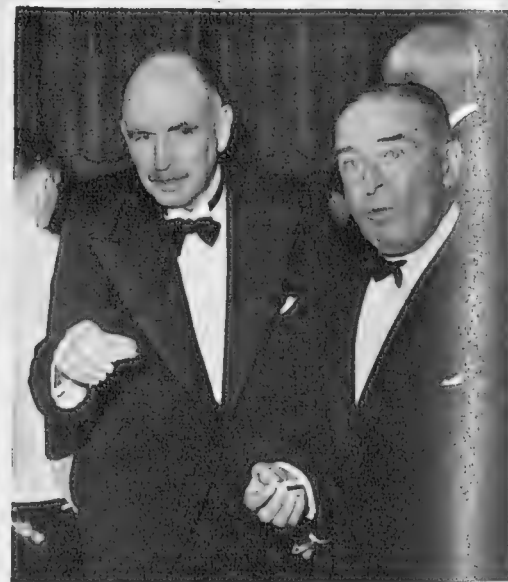
## Royal Torbay Yacht Club Annual Dinner



Mr. C. W. N. Hoper and Lt.-Col. P. S. I. Northcote exchange notes over an aperitif before dinner



Mr. T. R. A. Windeatt (Hon. Secretary of the West Solent Restricted Class) with Major-Gen. Sir Guy de Courcy Glover, K.B.E.



Mr. E. T. Vachell (Hon. Sailing Secretary of the Club) and Mr. S. Alred were two more of the guests



Mr. W. E. Wilson, the surgeon, Dr. J. M. Thomson, Mr. C. E. Rotherham (former hon. secretary for twenty-five years), Mr. Lee-Barber and Mr. F. M. Buckland



Charles H. Morgan, Paignton  
Mr. C. F. Wreford, Mr. F. G. Hazell-Smith and Mr. L. Harper were also discussing the great season of 1948. The dinner was at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay





"The result was Nujjo Nosekreem Orientale, at 1/6 per dainty flaçon . . ."

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

WHEN the promised State National Theatre has risen on the hideous wastes of the Surrey Side, we gather, the Government is expected to draw the line at completing the restoration of Ye Olde Shakespearean Bankside by building a new Southwark Stews and a new Bear-Garden, both of which cultural centres did infinitely better business than the Globe Theatre.

Possibly a new Stews, even if subsidised, could not compete with modern amateurism, but a new Bear-Garden is feasible enough. You say there would be trouble from the anti-blood-sport boys. You forget that (a) the Race has a gift for finding some high purpose in its favourite relaxations, and that (b) money derived from managing the Bankside Bear-Garden enabled the actor Edward Alleyn to found Dulwich College.

The ethical tie-up is therefore clear. The object of horseracing is to improve the breed of horses, or maybe bookies, and the object of drinking beer is to improve the breed of brewers, and the object of fighting bears with fierce mastiffs is to improve the breed of the Headmasters' Conference. You may not grasp this here and now, but when you see it outlined in a piece of sonorous wa-wa by Auntie Times you'll swallow it without question. No offence.

### Kleinism

THINKERS plaintively urging Commerce to snuggle up closer to Art always remind us of Mr. Klein in the poem by Clarence Day:

The Poetry of Mood and Line  
Was what excited Mr. Klein;  
When trade was dull he used to hop,  
Completely nude, around his shop,  
Waving a blue linoleum rose  
To balance each romantic pose. . . .

Whenever a customer arrived Mr. Klein would leap back deftly into his clothes before anything odd was noticed. You can do this on Fifth Avenue, where Life burns with a hard gemlike flame, but we doubt if it can be done in Bond Street, where pulses beat languidly and form is king. Moreover members of the West End Traders' Association have their Royal Warrants to think of, and the Lord Chamberlain's department would probably take an icy view of the Klein Method of æsthetic self-expression.

"Where were your striped trousers?"

"Close at hand, sir, hanging from a showcase."

"Why were you not in them when the customer arrived?"

"For the moment, sir, I was the Spectre of the Rose. The fever of the dance—"

"Why did you not hide under the counter and call an assistant?"

"Sir, I cried 'Mr. Wasberry, please!' in a well-modulated baritone."

"And did he come?"

"As it happened, sir, Mr. Wasberry was likewise dancing in the nude—the Faun in *L'Après-Midi*."

So, unless one of the Design-and-Industry boys put up a good case for the defence, down

would come the Lion and the Unicorn. Thus does feudalism fetter individuality; or as they say in New York, "Blimey, dem limeys."

### Tonic

HOWLS from some of our Cymric kinsmen for the appointment of a Secretary of State for Wales are to be ignored, we observe, and a good thing too. Within six months he'd be taken to pieces by wild Druids' molls singing hymns in close-harmony.

As in Renaissance Italy, a typical vendetta *de chez nous* is not merely a matter of North v. South or East v. West but a rich and complicated business; curiously resembling a typical vendetta *de chez vous*, sweethearts, but with one marked difference, accurately noted by Smollett. Like Mr. Morgan, the hot-tempered Welch surgeon's mate of H.M.S. Thunder, we Cymry find temporary relief in bursting emotionally into song, choral preferred, which cools us down and nerves us for the next round. Your Saesneg method of refreshment, we gather—at any rate in the rural areas—is the fabrication of anonymous letters of a deplorable kind.

Any neurologist will tell you that bursting into song is more recuperative than accusing the Rector, in disguised handwriting, of simony, arson, incest, bigamy, and frauds on Queen Anne's Bounty. We suggest you get rid of that old Nordic self-consciousness and start on Do Mi Fa Sol forthwith.

### Intramural

IT may indeed be time, as a critic has politely suggested, that revue-authors dropped the illusion that "inside" cracks about West End theatre personalities are deliriously and automatically funny.

In the BBC the same illusion prevails, though Heaven knows there is nobody in the Old Joybox as interesting as the least interesting of little actresses, who after all can make funny faces. To view the dead blank pans of the bourgeoisie as the jokes come hurtling over the air about dear old Dusty and marvellous old Socks and killing old Buster, amid gales of laughter, is indeed a macabre experience. You ask how this evil can be remedied. We can see no real solution, apart from blowing up Broadcasting House and sowing the site with salt.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,

Ere yonder setting sun;

Serve her as she has served the just;

'Tis fixed—it shall be done.

Thus briskly does the Second Prophet in Goldsmith's drama *The Captivity* tackle the similar case of Babylon, which was full of typical BBC types. Proud Babylon to-day is a sandy waste across which runs a single-track railway. A notice-board says in Arabic and English "Babylon Halt." This shows that no problem is too baffling to be solved by common sense and co-operation.

### Lure

ONE of the most stirring of Indian Mutiny stories is the one about the wounded British colonel and the faithful sepoy, which you may have forgotten.

As the colonel lay on the stricken field of Dhirtipore (or some such name), a faithful sepoy stepped aside during a bayonet-charge and whispered in his dying ear an ancient and infallible zenana-recipe for removing spots from the nose. The Colonel Sahib recovered, and the closely-guarded secret was handed down and at length reached a Little Friend of All the World doing business in the City of London. The result was Nujjo Nosekreem Orientale, at 1/6 per dainty flaçon (2/- double quantity), and we mention it because an advertising-mogul was recently shooting a line about the great advance in sales-technique during the past 25 years.

He should brush up his Freud, Jung, and Adler. The above Mutiny-item, linking women's noses with the deathless story of our (late) Indian Empire, was psychologically tops. To adapt it to the ethical standards of 1948 is, moreover, simple. Viz:

SEPOY: Colonel Sahib, ere you die I have a wonderful secret to tell you! (Whispers in Colonel's ear.)

COLONEL (sitting up): Fifty-fifty.

Naturally the sepoy says hell to that, whereupon the Colonel Sahib shoots him and gets in touch with Izzy Rosewater of O-So-Silky Skinjoy Products immediately on reaching the base. A moving story, and the mems will eat it.

## BRIGGS—by Graham



"That's odd—I thought Briggs was serving the punch . . .!"



## Sabretache

With this article "Sabretache" begins his thirty-fourth year of "Pictures in the Fire," his first article under that title having appeared in *The Tatler* on December 1st, 1915

# Pictures in the Fire



Pearl Freeman

Albert Stewart Barrow ("Sabretache") was blooded with the Montreal Hounds at the age of seven and has since hunted with over eighty packs. During a long sojourn in India, where he served for twenty years with Calcutta Light Horse, he became well known as a successful gentleman rider and also as a writer, accompanying the mission to Tibet in 1903-1904 for the *Daily Mail*. In 1916, after Jutland, he went to the Grand Fleet with the Empire journalists as Indian representative. He has written a number of books, including *Stand To Your Horses*, *A Gentleman and His Hounds*, *Hunting Scenes*, and, published recently, *Monarchy and the Chase*

It is interesting to everyone who prefers racing over obstacles in the literal as well as the metaphorical sense, to follow the fortunes of any animal that has run in a Grand National the moment that the next one is even remotely toward—and so let's to it. Before starting in on it, however, I put much dust upon my unworthy head in connection with a recent mention of Sheila's Cottage, last year's winner. I had completely forgotten that she had gone to the Seraglio. However, even a famous prosy Greek poet nodded!

Incidentally, and without wishing to be discouraging, not one of the twelve mares who have won the National from Charity (1841) onwards, has produced anything that has managed even to get into the first three. Zoedone, the 1883 winner, was, of course, poisoned the second year that she ran, and that may account for anything; but equally, none of the rest has managed to give us a great steeplechase horse. Maybe the inevitable strain may have had something to do with it. The opinion of one of the Veterinary Faculty I know does not rule out the possibility.

Sheila's Cottage is rising ten, not an extreme age, so let's hope she may break the sequence. She is a good roomy sort, and there is no reason why she should not produce something that will follow in her distinguished hoof-marks.

As to some others, Mr. F. N. Gee's Zahia, who looked so dangerous going into the last fence behind First of the Dandies in this year's National, fell in the Valentine 'Chase on the last day of the November Aintree meeting, which happened to be the 13th. In this year's National she was in the forefront of the battle as they jumped the water, and remained there for the rest of the way until she ran out. There was quite a bit of money for her at Liverpool on the 13th, but she came down quite early on.

The eventual winner, Ulster Monarch, had things all his own way, and won unchallenged from Housewarmer, another creditable performer in this year's National. In that race, Ulster Monarch fell at the 13th—again that fatal number! It is announced that he will be entered for next year's contest. He ran third in this year's Scottish National (3 m. 7 f.) at Bogside in April, and he will be ten on January 1st.

NEXT, Silver Fame, that nice horse owned by Lord Bicester. His win at Stratford in a two-miler on Nov. 13th may mean no more than a routine school, but he gave 7 lbs. to a good one in Red Rower. Then at Manchester on the 19th came that great fight in the Emblem 'Chase with the Irish crack, Cottage Rake, who gave him 7 lbs. and beat him a neck. Cottage Rake has yet to make the acquaintance of the Aintree fences. In this year's National, for which Silver Fame started favourite, he was crossed by Gormanstown going into Becher's first time round, and was unsighted; nothing bumped him; he never hit the fence; just got unbalanced, so I suppose, and came it as they quite often will in those circumstances. Bad luck, and may it be otherwise next year, for I am certain that he is class enough to win. He also will be ten years old on January 1st.

Rowland Roy, who won a three-miler at Chepstow on the 17th, finished sixth in this year's National and after the race it was discovered that he had burst an abscess. He developed a high temperature when Mr. Fulke Walwyn (Reynoldstown's pilot in 1936) got him home to Lambourn; so we must rate his National performance much better than it looks on paper. Klaxton, who finished tenth in the Grand National, won a three-miler at Chepstow on November 18th in his own time—an earnest of his well-being.



*Graham A. Wilson (Oundle and Brasenose), who is Oxford's captain for 1948, was given a trial for Scotland last year. He is a fast and reliable forward, and has shown himself an excellent leader of the Dark Blues XV*

## University Rugby Football Captains



*H. M. Kimberley (Emmanuel), who skips Cambridge, is one of the stalwarts of their three-quarter line. He comes from Christchurch, New Zealand*

**R. C. Robertson-Glasgow**

# Scoreboard



**F**RANK SWIFT, it seems, is no longer to keep goal for England at Soccer, and there passes from international sport an heroic and entertaining figure. He was a skilful artist, of course; but, more than that, he has always shown enjoyment in his profession and the obvious desire that the spectators should enjoy it also. He ranks with Walter Hagen and Jean Borotra in showmanship, and in having the very best to show.

**O**f all his performances, I most enjoyed the way he would pick up the ball from above with one hand, as if it were a potato. And, if you wonder why I know so much about Frank Swift, I must tell you that I, too, was a goalkeeper. I was not picked on sheer merit, but was ordered into goal by the school doctor, who mistook common indigestion for a murmuring heart, and he thought, fond man, that nowhere could life be more restful than at the base of a scrum consisting of six of our players and seven of theirs. I recall with pleasure a spectator behind the net who said to me one day, "It's all right now, you can get up; they've scored."

**T**HOUGH on the whole a conservative custodian, I introduced into our League III. the custom of the goalkeeper carrying, and using, an umbrella on wet afternoons. To hold an umbrella in one hand and punch the ball over the bar with the other cultivates resource.

Nor must the social pleasures of goal-keeping be neglected. At Oxford, my companions would prop themselves against the upright and give unsound advice. During a University trial, in a rather lean year, one of them showed me a picture of the illustrious Sam Hardy intercepting a centre from the left wing. But pictures alone are not enough. A full life, the goalkeeper's, and, when he has nothing else to do, he can work out colour-schemes. My own favourite is a yellow sweater with a green cap. It worries the more æsthetic centre-forwards.

On Thursday of this week the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society celebrate

by means of a dinner their fiftieth anniversary. The Society's prime originator was J. L. Low, of Cambridge, who was runner-up to Harold Hilton in the Amateur Championship of 1901 at St. Andrews. Low was a beautiful putter with a wooden implement. He was also a man of wit and dignity. In the days when few hazarded an automobile, a trainful of golfers used to travel to Woking at the week-end. At the station, there used to be a rush for the horse-cabs. But John Low never rushed, and used to remark as he strolled down the platform, "It is beneath the dignity of a Scottish gentleman to run."

**B**y perpetual invitation the home of the Society is Rye, where the novelist Henry James wove his intricate and subtle sentences, and another author, E. F. Benson, was mayor. A. C. M. Croome, an Oxford cricket Blue and the inventor of modern hurdling, was an eminent and sagacious member of the Society. The easy and obvious stroke bored him, and he delighted to try new ways to the pin.

Each January the Society play their tournament at Rye for the President's Putter. For the first four years after the First World War the winner was Sir Ernest Holderness. He and R. H. Wethered were two of the greatest iron-players among amateurs of their time. In 1926, Wethered and the present honorary secretary, Eustace Storey, shared victory. After 24 holes, there were no more candles to light the greens. The Society also have a spring tour, with matches at Formby, Hoylake, and farther North. In earlier years the Hoylake team started with the names of John Ball, Harold Hilton and Jack Graham.

**T**HERE'S nowhere else quite like Rye. It was once a busy port, but it's hard to believe that they ever hurried there. The winding, narrow streets are all against it; and, off them, are those sudden lanes which, for the casual walker, frame nature's photographs. What was once the coast-guard's residence is now the home of that remarkable golfer Leonard Crawley. On the links, each blade of grass awaits his bidding.



## A Tense Moment in a Remarkable Game

*J. H. Gregory (Blackheath), playing for R. V. Stanley's XV, taking the ball on the run as A. Stewart (Oxford University) prepares to tackle him in the match at Oxford. Of the visiting team, which won by 12 points to 9, eleven players were internationals, and their victory was only narrowly secured*





Clapperton, Selkirk

The Sons of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with their cousins, the children of Lord and Lady William Scott, at Eildon Hall, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire. Left to right: Walter, Rosemary and Jean Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Prince William, Margaret and Frances Montagu-Douglas-Scott, and Prince Richard

Elizabeth Bowen's

## Book Reviews

"Concluding"

"Round the Year with Lady Addle"

"Cigarette Card Cavalcade"

"The Rape of Lucretia"



LAST week the children had it; and one or two last-minute children's books may, I hope, be a pendant to next week's page. Meanwhile, with Christmas approaching, there is the grown-up, donor or recipient, to be thought of. The book destined to be a Christmas present should, I feel, have one, or ideally both, of two qualities: long-term value, or "keepability," so that it may justify its place in shelves not only for its giver's sake, but for its own; and fairly wide appeal, so that, arriving into a Christmas house-party, it may be successfully passed from hand to hand, give pleasure all round, and inspire talk.

For the books reviewed this week, no more than my usual four in number, I do not claim the prerogative in those two qualities: they certainly *have* them, but so have a lot more books. I indicate only that, between now and Christmas, I shall be keeping acceptability in view, and that books listed will make a bid for the *buying* as opposed to the subscription library list. At the moment of writing, I have at my elbow one novel, definitely for grown-ups, but grown-ups (I opine) of all kinds; two genial and unpretentious all-round lightweight books, and an art book which, in spite of its stark title, I consider everyone ought to see.

FIRST, the novel. I see from the back of the wrapper of *Concluding* (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.) that I have already stated, in these pages, and in no uncertain terms, my

opinion of its author, Henry Green. Of this opinion, for anything it is worth, *Concluding* makes me withdraw not one jot or tittle: Mr. Green has not only not let me down (which I should have resented sharply), but is—impersonally, very impersonally, speaking—still, always, describing his upward curve.

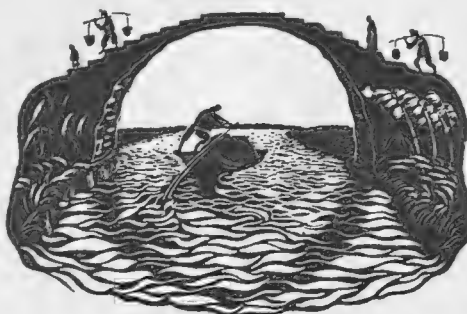
The scene of *Concluding* is a girls' boarding-school, set in a country mansion of size and beauty. The time is fifty-five years hence. The central figure is an aged and now deaf scientist, Mr. Rock; who, long, long ago, in fact at the age of twenty, had arrived at or happened on an invention of great importance to the world. Wherefore, delighting to honour fame, the owner of the mansion had made over to Mr. Rock, for his lifelong use, a cottage

charmingly set in the mansion's grounds. Times, however, do—as we know—change: at some date before the opening of our story private ownership vanished; the mansion, with park and woodlands, was taken over by the State. It now performs the function of housing some hundreds of young, female State Workers-to-be.

LAST this scene sound too grim for Christmas reading, I should at once make clear that both pupils and personnel differ little from those to be met to-day in those present-day girls' schools we speak of as Really Good. Misses Edge and Baker, the joint head-mistresses, though subject to a mysterious "directive," are true, both for better and worse, to the type we already know. And around their charges, aged from twelve to seventeen, shades of the ideological prison house have not, clearly, so far, begun to close—they comport themselves with as gazelle-like an irresponsibility as might young ladies of the unenlightened past, bound, next, for finishing schools in Paris.

No, the only person who seems to have suffered badly from the passage of time is Mr. Rock. His patron is dispossessed; his own prestige is evaporating—what boots it to have been famous, long, long ago—and the school authorities want his cottage. Edge and Baker, in fact, are determined to get Rock out.

For his part, Mr. Rock—who becomes, in Mr. Green's hands, a comi-tragic example of



what old age both feels like and must appear—asks no more than to be left alone, with his pig Daisy, his goose Ted, and his white cat Alice. (To imagine a Beatrix Potter tale as it might be re-written by Dostoevsky is to get some preview of the home life of Mr. Rock.)

That his existence should be à l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs is a matter of indifference to him—though Edge and Baker, at one point in their campaign, do not hesitate to hint that he may be a nasty old man. No, Mr. Rock's one human preoccupation is his granddaughter; who, convalescent from one nervous breakdown and teetering upon the verge of another, is at present sharing his cottage roof. This Elizabeth—whose rather surprising age, thirty-five, shows Mr. Rock to have become a grandfather at forty—is in a state of unbridled love for the economics lecturer at the school. Mr. Birt, to one's increasing surprise, reciprocates the gaunt Elizabeth's passion. The scandal these two occasion does no good to Mr. Rock's cause.

THE action of *Concluding* covers fifteen hours, in which a good deal happens. Mr. Rock goes for swill for his pig to the school kitchen; two girls from the school disappear—Merode is found again, Mary remains unaccounted for—Edge and Baker go up to London, but come back early; Miss Marchbanks has a severe headache; the headmistresses interview the police; Adams, the woodman, behaves in a highly suspicious manner; Miss Edge receives a letter directing that pig-farming be included in the curriculum; Elizabeth and Mr. Birt pursue, through its whole cycle of phases, their amorous combat; Merode's aunt comes down, and behaves as tiresomely as parents or guardians unflinchingly do; the girls (because this is Founders' Day) first decorate the great hall for dancing, then dance in it. Mr. Rock and his granddaughter, uninvited, attend the school dance, then walk home in their gumboots through the woods in the moonlight. . . .

That is at once all, and not even so much as, the beginning. Because *Concluding*, like all Mr. Green's novels, has its consistency in something other than the story—good though the story be. One is at once drenched by beauty, wrung by humour and stabbed by truth. Incidents throughout, at their most crazy, are craziest in their sheer likeliness, their similarity to life—e.g., Miss Edge, the early-morning bat, the waste-paper basket. And the same holds good of the conversations—see one masterpiece, the one about Chinese pheasants, at high table during the school lunch.

Throughout *Concluding*, a sort of psychological transformation scene is perpetually going on: colours melt and change; diaphanous mental scenery, film upon film, descends, shimmers and parts. Rumour is fact, fact rumour—that is all, on this particular earth of Mr. Green's, we know, and all we need to know. We never are told, for instance, what *did* become of Mary; and by the end of the tale we have ceased to ask.

ONE is all the more astounded by Mr. Green's majestic picture of passionate love by the fact that his actual lovers, Sebastian Birt and Elizabeth, are in their own right, as a couple, second-rate and embarrassing. Another point, to be noted by the reader at all interested in writing, is the unexpectedness and at the same time utter inevitability, of Mr. Green's adjectives. One might believe, for instance, that anything other than triteness was unavoidable in a description of full moonlight on the frontage and woods of a country house. Yet we have this:

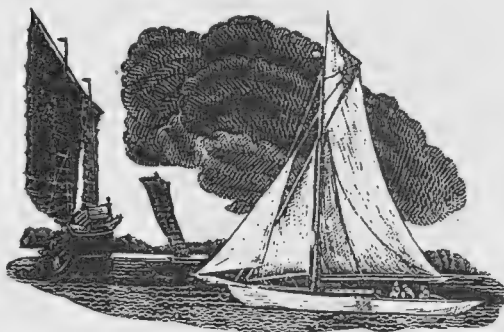
Her grandfather, again in difficulty on account of the treacherous light, but glad of his escape, waded much-as though the moon had flooded each terrace six inches deep. For the spectacles he

used seemed milk-lensed goggles; while he cautiously lifted boots one after the other in an attempt to avoid cold lit veins of quartz in flagstones underfoot because these appeared to him like sunlight that catches in sharp glass beneath an incoming tide, where the ocean foams ringing an Atlantic.

So much so, that when he came to the first flight of stone steps Mr. Rock turned completely round and went down backwards.

Upon which a faint cry came from those beechwoods he had been facing. The great crescent of the moonlit house received and gathered the sound. "Mar . . . eee," the gabled front returned.

He was halted by it between two steps. "What was that?" he asked, peering over a shoulder at moon-drenched trees, starched, motionless in the distance he had yet to traverse.



"CIGARETTE CARD CAVALCADE," by A. J. Cruse, is published by Vawser and Wiles at 10s. 6d., and should be acquired. This is everything from a specialists' book to a happy mug's book, delightfully written on several levels. How cheering to discover, in later life, that—for however brief a period, however long ago—one belonged to a category

with an impressive name. Between the ages of twelve and fifteen your reviewer was, she now learns, a cartophilist—which is to say, an impassioned collector, swapper, snapper into-packets in rubber bands and pusher into albums, of cigarette cards. In a later, more practical phase, the object of the collection became more mercenary—complete sets, if you remember, could be traded in for garden chairs, etc.—which, while perfectly possible to buy in shops, gained virtue by being got for nothing.

The true and pure cartophilist would have disdained such lures. At present, and ever since 1940, the collector must have been left in a void—though one can continue trading in past issues, as the obvious liveliness of two cartophilists' societies, who advertise at the end of this book, shows.

IT is encouraging to gather that, in two or three years, cigarette packets may once more contain cards. As for the present, Mr. Cruse, in the absorbing *History of Tobacco* which precedes his chapters on cards themselves, supplies several suggestions as to how the present official discouragement of smoking might reinforce itself. We smokers, Mr. Cruse lets us know, are indeed the descendants of an heroic tribe—Sir Walter Raleigh's first exhibition, near Bristol, had harmless, gratifying results; but a Spanish sailor who was the first to try it on in his country was promptly seized by the Inquisition; the Swiss of Berne, in 1612, passed a law making smoking an offence next to adultery; while in Turkey Sultan Murad IV. caused molten lead to be poured down the throat which had inhaled nicotine. One should be grateful, these days, for no more than a dirty look for too often trying it on with the same tobaccoist.

As to the cards themselves, Mr. Cruse, with his mixture of erudition and fervour, is fascinating, and his sheets of plates of illustrated examples no less so. How many of us—outside bonafide cartophilist circles—had any idea how old cigarette-card history was, from how far afield came the products, how wide in range were the subjects? Actresses and beauties were competing with statesmen, battleships,

scientific inventions and funny jokes for some decades before you or I were thought of. Flowers and dogs and views of Beautiful Britain had to hold their ground against series stranger and more far-fetched. So much for home; America and Egypt were, meanwhile, each perfecting a characteristic touch. . . . Thanks, author, for this engrossing book.

"ROUND THE YEAR WITH LADY ADDLE" (Methuen; 6s.) can only nominally, I feel, be by Mary Dunn. I cannot believe that darling Lady Addle of Eigg, loyal sister of Mipsie, does not indeed exist—and my feelings are, therefore, on this occasion the more poignant; for something tells her, she says, that this book is to be her last. She must face it that middle age is upon her; she is seventy-eight. In spite of this, she is in the best of form—learning to drive a car, organising the village pageant, life and soul of the Women's Institute outing, inspirer of a Brains Trust in the village hall. Her memories are as varied as they are beautiful: the photograph of "Myself as a Bacchante" on the wrapper symbolises her ever-verdant soul.

Her dear daughter Margaret is now a happy mother; darling little grandson Hirsie is not the least of the pleasures of *Round the Year with Lady Addle*. Mipsie writes the Foreword. Perfect for round-the-fire reading aloud.

THE performance, at Glyndebourne, of the opera *The Rape of Lucretia* was an event. Now, in a book of the same name—published by The Bodley Head, at 25s.—we have the libretto of the Opera; a Foreword by Benjamin Britten, who wrote the music; an introductory essay by John Crozier (producer, and editor of this symposium); a further essay by John Piper, who designed costumes and scenery. And, not least, we have coloured reproductions—so large that they have to be folded into this already generously-sized book—of John Piper's stage sets. *The Rape of Lucretia*, in this form, should make the ideal present for any friend whose taste you honour and wish to please.



"Traveller's Joy," by Eleanor Watkins (*Home and Van Thal*; 12s. 6d.), is a lively and well-written account of pre-war journeys in China, Malaya, New Zealand and South Africa. The illustrations by the author—the frontispiece and two chapter headings are shown here—are both explanatory and highly decorative



# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Warr — Hall

Mr. John Allen Warr, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Warr, of Court Farm Road, Hove, Sussex, and Miss June Rosemary Hall, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hall, of Wick Hall, Furze Hill, Hove, were married at St. John's Church, Hove



Smith — Prior

Mr. Frederick T. W. Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith, of Westcliff-on-Sea, and Miss Helen Boyd Prior, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Prior, of Leigh-on-Sea, were married at St. Saviour's, Southend



Scott-Barrett — Morris

Capt. David W. Scott-Barrett, M.C., Scots Guards, younger son of Brig. H. Scott-Barrett, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Scott-Barrett, of St. Nicholas, The Chase, Kingswood, Surrey, married Miss Marie Elise (Lisette) Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Morris, of The Tile House, Worpleston Hill, Woking, Surrey, at Brompton Oratory



Connolly — Cullis

Mr. Rainier Campbell Connolly, F.R.C.S., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. V. Connolly, of Withdean, Brighton, married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, Miss Elizabeth Fowler Cullis, daughter of the late Prof. C. G. Cullis, and of Mrs. Cullis, of Murray Road, Wimbledon



Carlyon — Falls

Mr. Peter Tristram Carlyon, only son of Lt.-Col. T. Carlyon, D.S.O., and Mrs. Carlyon, of Yaxley House, Suffolk, and Miss Julia Brigit Falls, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Cyril Falls, of Portsea Place, W.I., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Skewes-Cox — MacMullen

The wedding took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Capt. M. L. D. Skewes-Cox, the East Lancashire Regiment, only son of Major and Mrs. Skewes-Cox, of Badgers, Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, and Miss Gillian MacMullen, only daughter of the late Major-Gen. H. T. MacMullen, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., and of Mrs. MacMullen, of Coleherne Court, S.W.5

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PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND





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for the Spring*



*Miss Kathleen Felicity Ellen Mahoney and Mr. John Edward Sharwood-Smith, who are engaged to be married. Miss Mahoney is the only daughter of Mrs. K. R. Mahoney, of Belsize Grove, N.W.3, and Mr. Sharwood-Smith is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sharwood-Smith, of Hermitage, Berkshire*

## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



*Miss Elna Mary Jones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. E. Jones, of Southfield, Droitwich, Worcestershire, who has announced her engagement to Lt.-Col. Denis Anthony Green, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Green, of Leamington Spa*



*Miss Yvonne Rosemary Thompson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. F. Thompson, of White Gables, Orchard Gate, Esher, Surrey, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Pearson Deans, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Deans, of The Croft, Esher*



*Miss Heather Raikes and Mr. James T. Fleming. Miss Raikes is the only daughter of the late Vice-Admiral C. D. S. Raikes and Mrs. C. D. S. Raikes, of Westfield, Wimborne, Dorset, and Mr. Fleming is the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleming, of Radway, Warwick*



*Miss Penelope MacLaughlin and Mr. Edward McC. Elliott. Miss MacLaughlin is the elder daughter of Col. A. M. MacLaughlin and Mrs. MacLaughlin, of Gloucester Walk, W.8, and Mr. Elliott is the eldest son of Professor and Mrs. T. R. Elliott, of Broughton, Peeblesshire*

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*Oliver Sturges*

## ON FLYING

GOOD work is being done by the ultra-light aeroplane people. They are pointing the way to a revival of private flying in Britain. It is admirable, for instance, to see that Sir Geoffrey de Havilland has agreed to become President of the Association, for his was the spirit of individual enterprise that created the first private flying movement, not only in this country, but everywhere.

Nor can I believe that the ultra-light aircraft are going to be held up for long for engines. If past events are indeed a pattern for the future, somebody is going to found a great business on a new engine for ultra-light aircraft. After all the origins of the Ghost and the Goblin turbojets go back to a light aeroplane engine. There may yet be pots of money in pop bottles.

Though widely approved, the airworthiness concessions seem to me to be too meagre. If the three Ministries that dabble in aviation were to adopt the liberal attitude towards ultra-light aeroplane flying that the Admiralty adopts towards dinghy sailing, the movement would sweep ahead. But few can now be found who favour giving anybody the freedom of the air or the freedom of anything else. There is always the awful afterthought about the complicated things that happen if there is an accident.

ONE would think that aviation was created and controlled for the sole purpose of having accidents. It is the same deplorable, negative attitude of mind as that displayed by correspondents in *The Times* who have been arguing that no honest man ought to object to being forced to have his fingerprints taken.

Fingerprints and identification cards; licences and certificates of airworthiness, pile up like junk in the attic. And what a prodigious effort is needed for the periodical clearing out. Ultra-light aviation would benefit greatly from such a clearing out just now. But

I repeat that good progress is being made in all the fields where progress is still permitted. Nor must the valuable part played by the Kemsley trust fund be forgotten.

M<sup>R.</sup> C. M. NEWTON and his committee deserve to be thanked for their report on air accident investigation procedure. Command Paper 7564 is a document which makes extremely sensible and practical recommendations.

Some of the recommendations are to be acted upon by Lord Pakenham. There will be no more of those unfair public slurs upon the skill or personal character of pilots without those pilots or their representatives being in a position to counter-attack by legal process; that is by cross-examination. But many of the committee's recommendations are rejected by the Minister.

I cannot give the details here; but the whole report is worth study and I urge those interested to obtain it from the Stationery Office.

THAT wonderful waterspout story that came out of an Air Ministry meteorological magazine the other day, is more than an effort to make your flesh creep. It is an interesting theory which might account for some unexplained air accidents that have happened over the sea.

More than once (the Star Tiger disaster of some months ago will be recalled) aircraft flying over the sea have disappeared without trace. From the statement that appears over the name of A. H. Gordon in this meteorological magazine, it would appear that the wind velocities in waterspouts are sometimes of greater than hurricane force—great enough, in fact, to break up the strongest aircraft.

And it also appears that water spouts do not give a radar echo. So the risk of running into one when

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

As sometimes happens, of the many records of orchestral music that have been issued during the past year there is one that stands out above all others. It is of two pieces of music by Wolf-Ferrari. The first the Overture to *Il Segreto Di Susanna*, the second "Intermezzo" from *I Quattro Rusteghi*. This music is played by the Symphony Orchestra of The Augusteo in Rome, conducted by Victor de Sabata. The "Overture" which is gay and warm is perfectly played by the orchestra. The "Intermezzo" is one of those rare, delicate works of art that would seem almost too sensitive to set down on the hard surface of a record, but Victor de Sabata has triumphed in every way by making what could appear impossible a fact. Seldom has a single record been issued that is so complete, so artistically right.

In this record there is nothing that is not entirely Italian. You must hear it. Like a gem glistening out of a November fog it brings a glorious splash of hope and happiness to the world at large. (H.M.V. DB. 6768.)

Robert Tredinnick

flying below the clouds at night, however remote, does exist. When I first mentioned the theory some of my commercial pilot friends were sceptical; and I am not able to go into the meteorology of it. But the source is to a large extent a guarantee that the theory is sound.

IT is excellent news that a British company is building a ram jet helicopter; that is a helicopter with the lifting rotor driven by ram jets mounted at the blade tips. The American ram jet helicopter, "Little Henry" has been doing a good deal of flying and seems satisfactory, though it is said that it makes a noise like the day of judgement. It is probably the simplest flying machine in existence, the fuel being fed up to the jets by pressure and the jets themselves, being fed by the ram effect, have no moving mechanical parts.

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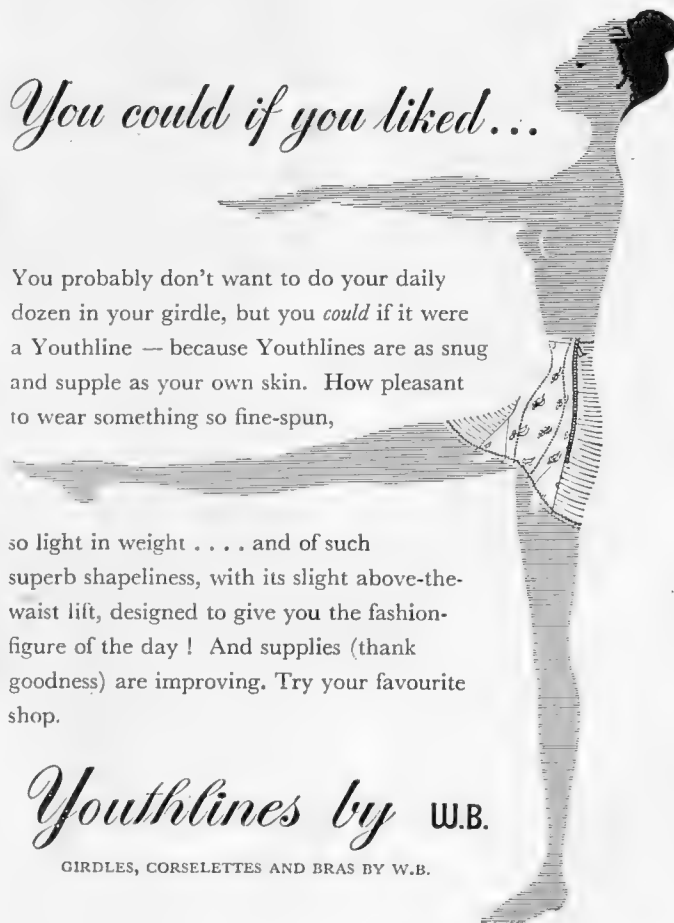
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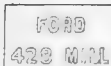




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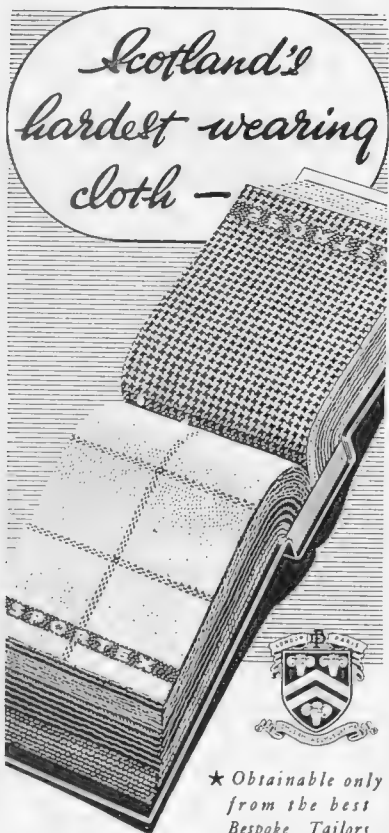
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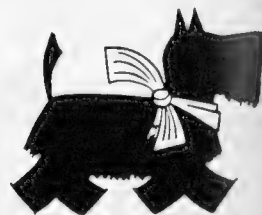
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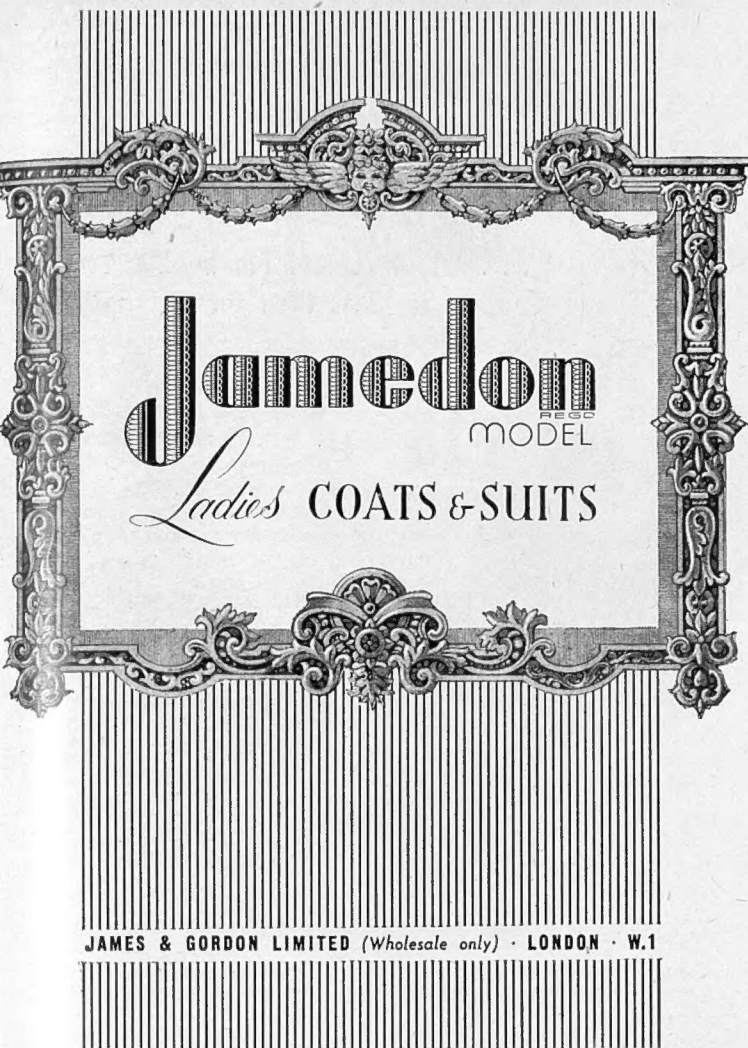
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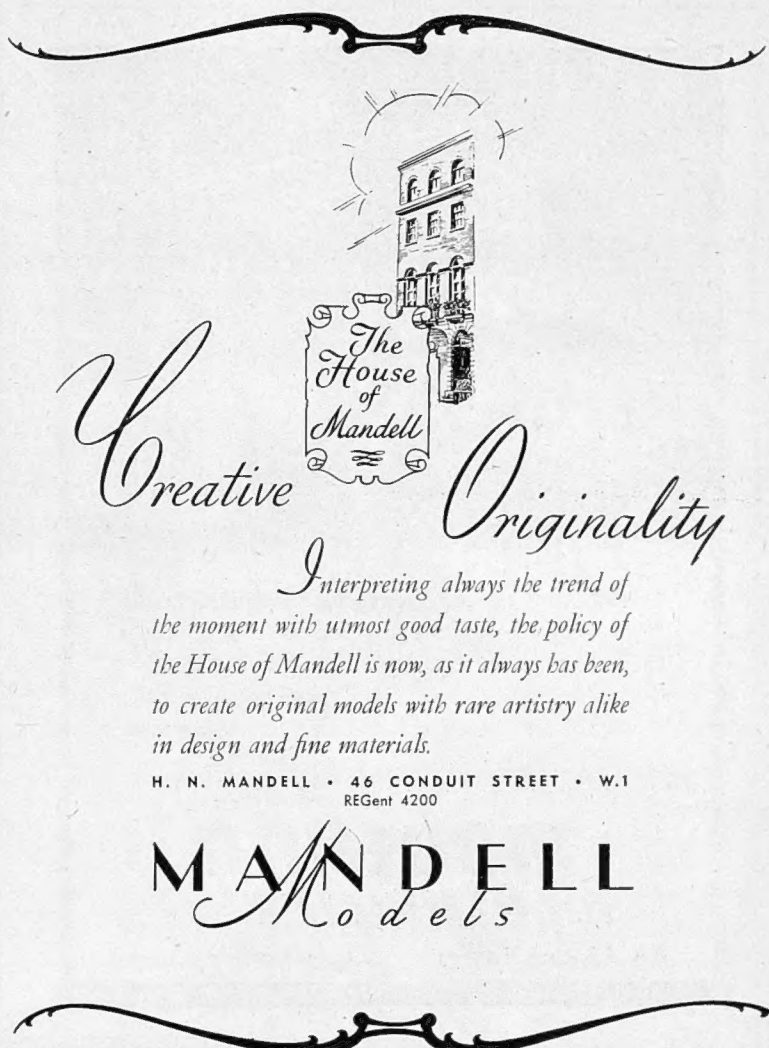


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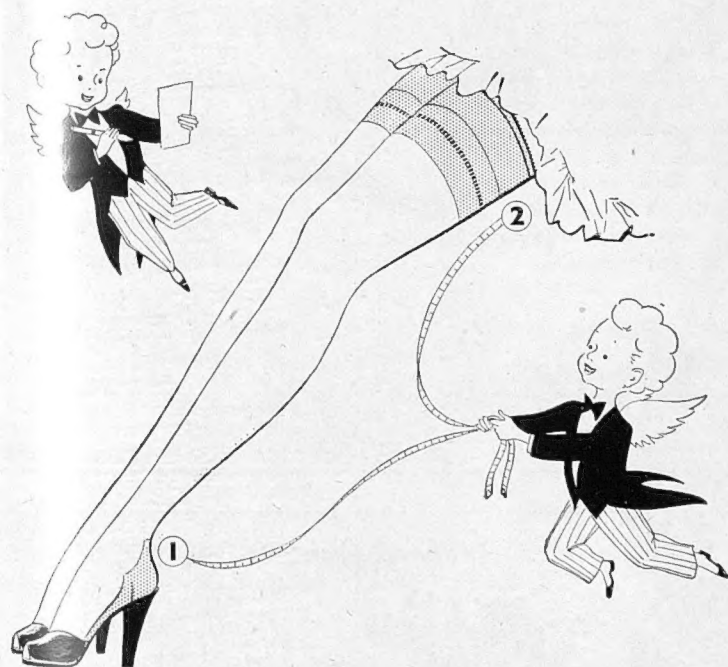


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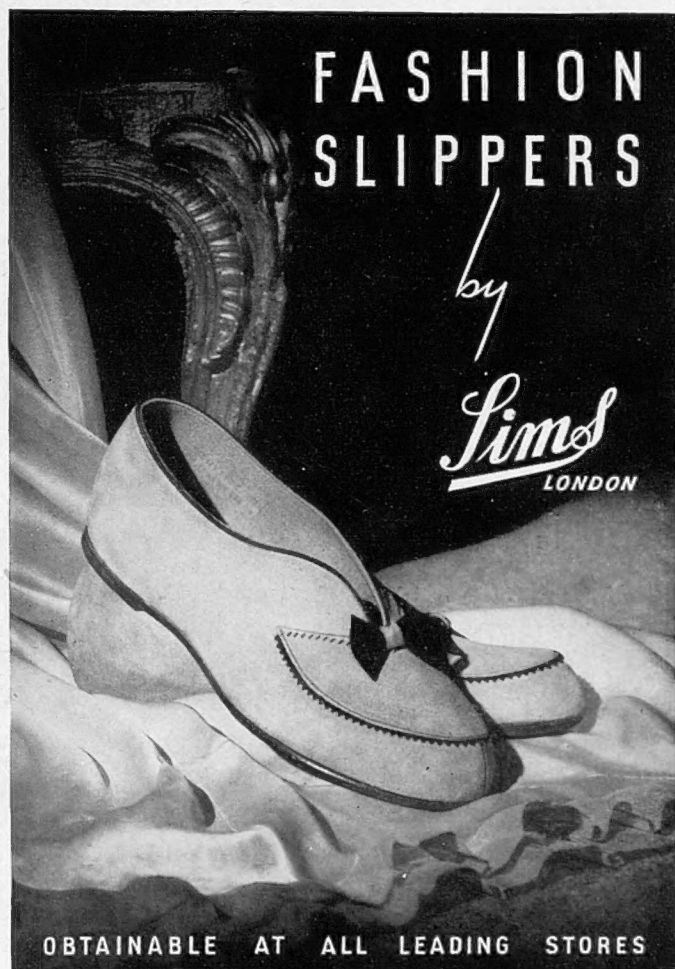


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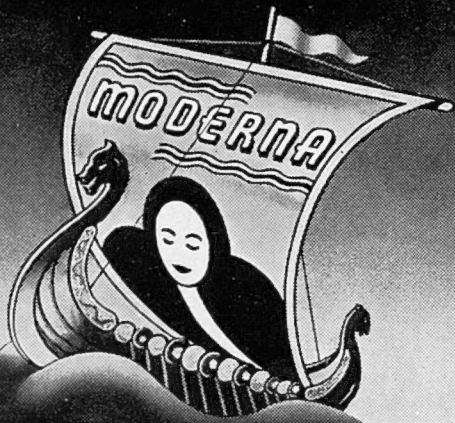
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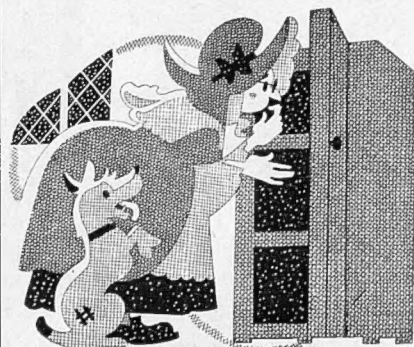
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